

## BANKS WRITES OF MISSION IN INDIA

Former Richmond Pastor, Now  
Missionary, Describes Beau-  
ties of Himalayas

Friends here have received another most interesting letter from the Rev. G. B. Banks, who was formerly pastor at the Second Christian church of Richmond. He is now a missionary to India. The letter follows:

Belle Vue, Landour,  
Mussorie, India,  
April 25, 1922.

Dear Friends:

We are now in the Himalayan Mountains and the meaning of the name in the native tongue is most evident for they are truly the "Home of the Snow." Our elevation is a little over 7,000 feet and we are only eight miles from plains where Dante's Inferno would make an excellent refrigerator. Since we have been here (a little more than a week), it has been very cool and a fire in the evening is most necessary. This is a summer resort where many missionaries come to escape the terrific heat of the plains which saps the white man of whatever energy he may possess. The mountains are very precipitous and as yet we have not been overwhelmed with their attractiveness. They seem to lack the inspiring element that is so prevalent in our Rockies and the Sierras. Houses are stuck about here on the sides of the hills where the ground has been terraced. There is a road up from the plains but is far too steep for vehicles. Men walk or ride ponies to get here while ladies are carried in dandys (a sort of portable chair borne by four men with two extra along for periodical relief). All supplies and baggage are carried on the backs of men. These are really miracle men. Our trunk weighed 225 pounds and one man brought it here. They put it on the back and fasten a band from it around the forehead and with a short stick in their hands for support they come along with comparative ease. They really object to light loads because they get paid by weight. The building material was brought along in this fashion.

When it is clear we can see a snow covered range of mountains which we have been told are something like 26,000 feet high and we suppose man has never set foot on the peaks we behold. On clear days they seem very near us; almost against us; but as the crow flies we have been informed that the nearest are something like 90 miles. Often we watch the cloud playing around these peaks and below them and it requires little imagination to also picture the storm that is in progress as the clouds swirl and roll themselves about the white points. It almost makes us shiver! Then in the evening when the sun is setting as the last golden rays are reflected, the white crystal transforms itself into a saffron which fades into a pale blue and then vanishes into huge dark bulk as twilight envelops it. Here we also have a very cosmopolitan population: American, British, Indian, Eurasian, Punjabi and Tibetan.

On our way up we had some very interesting experiences. Two days we spent in visiting our mission station at Mahoba. This district is quite historical from the standpoint of religion. A town of just a few thousand inhabitants, yet, full of temples and shrines. Really you were forced to think of Paul in ancient Athens. There must be at least a thousand places of worship. Even on the large boulders on the sides of the hills are huge carvings of various members of the Hindu theology. We had time to visit a few of the larger places but were able only to get a very meager conception of the place. Hidesous nude figures seem most popular in their catalog of theological architecture; while blood red is a fashionable color. One temple had in it many rooms and a special god occupied each separately. But many of the places have become deserted and gone into ruins and are filled with what we call "scrambled gods"—pieces of broken idols. Some iconoclasm dates back a few centuries to the Mohammedan invasion when these objects of worship were destroyed by the fanatical followers of the Prophet who readily made converts at the point of the sword of Islam. On the hill just above the orphanage compound a new large temple was built in opposition to the Christian missions when they began there. Strange to say the first priest in this temple became a Christian

and today one of his daughters is mothered by the orphanage. After one has seen Mahoba, the words Miss Frost's evening song, "Sad India," are unusually vivid. Sitting in an old summer house in the corner of the compound she scarcely had to raise her eyes to see a funeral pyre where live widows in the days before the British government prohibited it, flung themselves on the flames that consumed the dead bodies of their husbands. Raising her eyes just a bit, she could glance along the bosom of the little lake, across the waving tops of palms

to the sun setting in its beautiful Indian glory, and reflecting its golden shafts back to the surrounding and intervening hills, crowned with myriad temples and shrines.

Vividly contrasted with the native heathen life, on Sunday in the little church, we beheld the Indian Christians, clothed in their right mind, worshipping the One God. In addition to those who have their homes in Mahoba and bring up their families there, the nearly 200 orphanage girls represented a most refreshing scene. Dressed in clean white saris, pitched songs. The women,

with one end drawn up over the head and the center of the top back, their raven shining hair neatly combed and parted in the middle, they sat, according to Hindustani fashion, on the floor and sang in their mother tongue the hymns familiar to all American church-goers.

In Jhansi, a large and modern city near us (70 miles) we saw a religious ceremony connected with the wheat harvest in some way. It is just for one day. Marching thru the streets were small groups, singing their high-

and were attracted to a crowd by the singing and clanging of metal. At the far end stood a group of women such as I have described. Near us were some men with strips of steel, about 20 feet, which at two points had two sets of curved wings like the quivers of an arrow. One end of the spear was brought to a point. This point was being inserted into the cheek of some spirit-filled man who was so filled with the gods that he was insensible to the shouting and the clanging had helped him work up to this ec-

stasy. Three of these spears were

## PLACE OF RELIGION IS IN THE HOME

(By Associated Press)

Kansas City Mo., June 27—The hour calls for a fresh study of the home and of the place religion must hold in it, Bishop William M. Bell, of Harrisburg, Pa., bishop of the Pennsylvania of the Church of the United Brethren of Christ, told the convention of the International Sunday School here today.

"Our very civilization is in peril with the neglect of its mandates," said Bishop Bell. "The home is in deadly default when it omits real educational work. To look into the live-lit faces of godly, intelligent and devoted parents, is the finest university the child may ever know."

"The church and the school touch the race after the home has had the first chance, so that good and great as they are, they can never entirely recover a human life from the hurt of the bad or inefficient home. The highest nurture of the home is the imperative in the life of every child."

"Fathers and mothers have responsibility here that is inescapable. The work of the home can not be turned over to any proxy under the sun. Honored and rewarded will those parents be who first and foremost of all claims upon them, take up sedulously the education of their own offspring. Blessed and favored the child who receives this nurture."

### Blue Grass Not Native

A Washington dispatch says: "Contrary to popular belief Kentucky blue grass seed is not a native of the United States, but was brought over from the Old World by early colonists, according to the Department of Agriculture. The most important hay grass cultivated in the United States is said to be timothy. It grows throughout the northern half of the United States and as far south as the cotton belt."

Whether or not blue grass is a native product is beside the question. It certainly flourishes like it was made for this particular climate and we are mighty well pleased with it and it exhibits satisfaction, too, for it grows most luxuriantly and beautifully throughout this wonderful region that has been so aptly named for it.

working and one man was standing rigid, but I do not think it would have taken much to have felled him. I looked only a few minutes and began to feel sick and fainting. Just as one of the masters of ceremonies drew up a little boy (about 9 or 10) to stick the spear in his cheek, I called to my companions and their physical support reached the open air just in time to prevent a real scene. Perhaps it had a worse effect upon me than on the victims, but it appears so barbarous and inhumane.

On our way up stopped at Agra one of the seats of splendor of the ancient Moghul Emperors. We saw the Taj Mahal by the full moon and went back the next day to give it a more thorough inspection. It is truly a marvel and unique in every respect. Made of white marble and its interior inlaid at places with precious stones carved into various shapes and patterns it stands a worthy monument to Emperor Shah Jahan and a beautiful tribute to his beloved queen by him. It is virtually indescribable. Its universal fame does not at all render it disappointing on view as so many things are. The old Agra fort was just as remarkable and the palaces still beautiful and artistic and a credit to the art of civilization. The walls and interior decorations are all of marble and precious stones and every detail the acme of true refinement and culture. From the Tomb of Akbar, the greatest of these Moghul rulers, who proved himself most tolerant in marrying a Christian wife, a Hindu and a Mohammedan, we looked back the seven direct miles to see the perfect white marble dome of the Taj, resplendent in the afternoon sunlight and like a soft nebulous ball just ready to vanish in the air.

At Delhi which is also the modern capital of India, we saw some more expressions of this wonderful civilization that has departed from this land. Forts, palaces and tombs that would hold the earnest tourist for days if the time would permit. Some of the inlaid carvings have perhaps never been excelled in any land; and no doubt more wonderful in that day when contrasted with the villages and cities of mud huts that surrounded them.

Sincerely,  
G. B. BANKS.

# AIN'T WE GOT FUN

## TUESDAY, JULY 4TH, 1922

SECOND ANNUAL

## American Legion Picnic

Jesse M. Dykes Post No. 12, Richmond, Ky

## Boonesboro Beach

"Baseball"—Richmond vs Waco

Band Concerts" by American Legion Band

(Under direction of James H. Leeds)

"Boxing Contests"

"Battle Royal"

"Tug of War" American Legion vs Berea

"Fat Man's Race"

"Fat Lady's Race"

"Swimming Contest"

"Diving Contest" for ladies only

Diving Contest" for men only

Barge Dances afternoon and evening, good music.

Dancing at Merry Garden, 12 M. to 3 a. m. Music by Johnson & Gray Society Orchestra

## FORD TOURING CAR Given Away Absolutely FREE

Remember that some of you are going to ride home in a New Automobile.

General Admission

50 cents

No extra charge for Ball Game and Chance on Car. Children under 12 admitted FREE

Canfield Taxi to and from grounds continuously.